The ninth Tragedie of Lucius Anneus Seneca called Octauia.

Translated out of Latine into English, by T.N. Student in Cambridge.

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TO THE RIGHT HO-
norable, the Lorde Robert
Dudley, Earle of Leceſter,
Baron of Dinghby, of the moſt royall
order of the Garter Knight, one
of the Queenes Maieſties moſt ho-
norable priuie Counſell,
and Maiſter of hir Maieſties Horſe.

T. N. wiſheth health, with increaſe of honor and vertue.



FTER THAT I had waded, right honorable, in the tranſlating of this Tragedy called *Octauia*, written firſt in Latine by that notable and ſententious Poet *Seneca*, & deſired, as the common cuſtome is, ſome Patron, that myght both bring auᵭhoritye to thys my little Booke, and alſo, if neede ſhould be, defend it from the bitter taunts of enuious tongs, I haue not eſpied right honourable, any one, either for his bountiful goodneſſe towardes my friends (which cōmonly men reſpect) or elſe for his fauourable, and gracious humanitie toward ſchollers (in whoſe numbre

I am) vnto whome I might ſo iuſtly giue this ſmal combrous triſle, and eſpeciall token of good wyll, as to your Lordſhip: whoſe honourable goodneſſe or rather magnificence, both your honours nurcerie of learning, and, as I can boldely ſay, the vniuerſitie of Cambridge, with my pore friends, haue moſt abundantly taſted of: which your Lordſhips moſt honourable curteouſneſſe, not to recõpence in any one iote or tittle therof (which is not in our ſmall and ſlender power) but with a well meaning heart, in ſome parte to gratefie your honour, I haue among al other moſt vnmeete, preſumed, both to employ my trauayle on this trim Tragedie, before others muche better able, and alſo to ſalute your curteous Lordſhip, with theſe rude and vnſauorie firſt fruits of my yõng ſtudy: moſt hũbly beſeching your honor to accept my good will and trauayle.

Your honours to commaund.



To the Reader.

IF thou (gentle Reader) haſt any thing in this ſmall Volume which may commende vnto thée, the trauaile and paines of the Auctor of thys Engliſhe Tragedie, ſurely I am much the gladder: but if all doe not aunſwere thine expectation (as it muſte needes ſo bée bycauſe, there is nothing harder than to pleaſe all men) ſith that thou art not priuy to all things, diſcloſe not raſhly thy fooliſh iudgement. If the tranſlating of Latine, or other Bookes of other languages, into our mother tong, doth eyther profite the cōmon wealth, or the wryter at all, do not then condemne the yong ſprong writers, if that in all pointes they pleaſe not thée which may by the grace of God, through thy gētle and curteous accepting of a little toye, hereafter employ their labour to more ſerious and weyghty matters, both to their owne commoditie and thy learning, and eſpecially, to the profit of our native countrie. Wey therefore wiſely, what thy friendly good will may do, not vnto me onely, which am like to doe very little, but vnto others, whoſe hearts with fauour thou maiſt eaſly win, to the vndertaking of greater matters: and then willingly embrace both my good will, and trauaile.

Farewell.

¶ *The Argument of the Tragedie.*

OCtauia daughter to prince Claudius grace,
To Nero espousde, whome Claudius did adopt
(Although Syllanus first in husbandes place
She had receyu'd, whome she for Nero chopt)
Hir parents both, hir Make that should haue bene,
Hir husbands præsent tiramie much more,
Hir owne estate, hir case that she was in,
Hir brothers death, poore wretch lamenteth sore.
Him Seneca doth persuade his latter Loue,
Dame Poppie, Crispynes wife that sometime was,
And eke Octauias maide, for to remoue.
For Senecks counsell he doth lightly passe:
But Poppie ioynes to him in mariage rytes.
The people wood into his pallace runne,
Hir golden fourmed shapes which them fore spytes,
They pull to ground; this vprore nowe begunne,
To quench, he some to griesly death doth sende.
But hir close cated vp in dreadfull barge,
With hir vnto Campania coast to wende,
A band of armed men, he gaue in charge.

¶ *The speakers in this Tragedie.*

Octauia.	*Nuntius.*
Nutrix.	*Agrippina.*
Chorus Ro-	*Poppea.*
manorum.	*Nero.*
Seneca.	*Præfectus.*

¶ The fyrſt Sceane.

Octauia.

NOw that Aurore with glittering ſtreames,
The glading ſtarres from ſkye doth chaſe,
Sir Phœbus pert, with ſpouting beames,
From dewye neaſt doth mount a pace:
And with hys cheerefull lookes doth yéelde,
Vnto the woꝛlde a gladſome daye.
Go to, O wꝛetch, with ample fielde
Of heauy cares, oppꝛeſſed aye,
Thy grieuous wonted playntes recount:
Doe not alone with ſyghes and howles,
The ſcayly Alcyones ſurmount,
But alſo paſſe the Pandyon fowles:
Moꝛe irkſome is thy ſtate than theirs.
O mother deare, whoſe death by fittes
I nyl lament, but ſtyll ſhedde teares,
My grounde of griefe in thee it ſittes.
If that in ſhades of darkſome denne,
Perceyuing ſenſe at all remayne,
Heare out at large, O Mother, then,
My great complayntes, and grieuous payne.
O that immoꝛtall Clothos wꝛiſt,
Had toꝛne in twayne my vitall thꝛedde:
Ere I, vnto my griefe, had wiſt
Thy woundes, and face of ſanguine redde.
O daye, which aye doth me anoy:
Since that tyme, did I moꝛe deſire,
The fearefull darkeneſſe to enioy,
Than Phœbus freſhe with faire attire.
I haue abode the bitter heſt
Of ſtepdame dire, in Mothers place,
I haue abode hir cruell bꝛeſt,
Hir ſtomake ſtout, and fighting face.

She, she for spyte vnto my case,
A dolefull, and a graue Eryn,
To Bridegromes chamber spousall space,
The Stygian flashing flames brought in.
And thee, alas, most pitious syre,
With traytrous traynes hath shée bereft
Of breathing soule with poysoned myre:
To whome ere whyle, the worlde all left
Unvanquisht from the Ocean Seas,
By martiall feates did frély yelde:
And didst subdue with wondrous ease,
The Brittaine brutes that fled the felde:
Whome liuing at theyr propre swaye,
No Romaine power did erst inuade.
Now lo (full well lament I may)
Thy spouse deceyt thy prowes hath lade:
And now thy court, and chylde of yore,
With homage serue a Tyrants lore.

The seconde Sceane.

Nutrix.

WHom so the glistering pompe of royall place,
With soden sight ynumd doth quite disgrace,
Who so at courtly fleeting ebbing blase,
Astonied sore, himselfe doth muche amase:
Loe sée of late the great, and mighty stocke,
By lurking fortunes sodaine forced knocke,
Of Claudius quyte subuert and cleane extinct:
Tofore, who helde the worlde in his precinct:
The Britaine Ocean coaste that long was frée,
Ye rulde at will, and made it to agree
Their Romaine Gallies great for to embrace.
Lo he that Tanais people first did chase,

And

And Seas vnknowne to any Romaine wight,
With lusty sheering shippes did ouerdight,
And safe amyd the sauage freakes did fight,
And rusling surging Seas hath nothing dread,
By cruell spouses gylt doth lye all dead.
Hir sonne lykewise more fiende than Tygre fierce,
Of naturall Mother makes a funerall herse.
Whose Brother drenched deepe, with poysoned cup
Poore Britannick, his senseleſſe soule gaue vp.
Octauia syster, and vnhappy make,
Doth sore lament hir case for Britanus sake:
Ne can hir ruthfull pyteous sorrow slake,
Though Neros wrath do sore constraine hir grace.
Shée nill escæmes the secret closset place:
But boyling still with equall peyse disdaine,
With mutuall hate gainſt him doth burne againe.
My true and truslye loue, that I do beare,
In vaine I see doth striue to comfort her.
Reuenging greedie griefe doth streight repriue,
T'appease hir smarte, the counsell that I giue.
Nor flame of worthie breſt doth once relent:
But heaps of griefe, hir corage do augment.
Alas, what grieſly deedes for to ensue
My feare foresceth: God graunt it be not true.

The thyrde Sceane.

Octauia. Nutrix.

O staggering state, O peereleſſe yll:
With ease Electra I repeate,
And call to minde thy mourning will.
With watred eyes, lyke smartiug sweate,
Thou mightſt lament thy father slaine,
Still hoping that thy brother might,

That deadly déede reuenge agayne.
Wt home thou O tender louing wight,
Didst safely shielde from bloudy foe,
And naturall loue did closely kéepe:
But Neroes dreaded vísage loe,
Doth feare me that I dare not wéepe,
Nor wayle my parents ruthfull case,
By cruell lot to slaughter cought:
Ne suffers me this gentiall face,
To dash with teares, too dearely bought
With brothers bloud: who onely was
Mine onely hope in all my griefe,
And of so many mischieues, as
My comforte great, and sole relieke.
Nowe loe reserude for greater care,
And to abide more lingring payne,
Of noble famous lynage bare,
A drouping shade I doe remayne.
Nutrix. My Ladies heauy voyce me thought,
Within my listning eares gan sounde.
And snayliſh age in going soft,
Unto hir thews is not ybounde.
Octauia. O Nurse our dolours witnesse sure,
By curroll chéekes dystilling rayne,
And heauy hearts complaynt, endure.
Nut. Alas what day shall rid of payne,
With care your well nie wasted hart?
Oct. That sends this giltlesse ghost to graue.
Nut. This talke god Madame set apart.
Oct. In rule my state the destnies haue,
And not thy prayers, O Matrone iust.
Nut. The doune soft easy God shall giue,
Your troubled minde, a time, I trust,
More swéete than euer you did liue.

With

With feuell face, as one content,
And gloſed face, but onely pleaſe
Your man, and make, he will relent.
Oct. The Lion fierce I ſhall appeaſe,
And ſoner tame the Tygre ſtout,
Than mankinde tyrants brutiſh breaſt.
He ſpites the noble raced route,
Contemnes high powers, diſdaynes the leaſt:
Ne can well vſe that princely weede,
Which venomous parent wrapt him in
By huge vnſpeakeable grieſly deede.
Although that wight vnthankfull, grin
In kingly throne, that he doth raigne,
Through cruell curſſed mothers ayde:
Although he pay with death againe
So great a gyft, it ſhall be ſayde,
And after fates in long ſpent age,
That woman wyght ſhall haue alway,
This eloge yet, and ſaying ſage,
That he by hir doth beare the ſway.
Nut. Let not your ragious minde ſo walke,
But doe compreſſe your moodie talke.

The fourth Sceane.

Octauia. Nutrix.

THough much I beare ỹ boiling breſt do beate,
And tollerably take deuorements threate,
Deathes only deadly dart, I ſée an ende,
Of all my broyle & pinching payne can ſende.
What pleaſant light to me, O wretch is left,
Vy naturall Mother ſlayne, and Sire bereft,
Of breathing life, by treaſon, and by gilt:
Of Brother eke depriude: with miſeries ſpilt:

And wayling ouercome: kept downe with care,
Enuied of Wake, which I dare not declare.
To mayden subiect nowe, and nowe defied:
What pleasant light can me, O wretch, abide
With fearefull heart suspecting alwayes ought:
Bicause I woulde, no wicked deede were wrought:
Not that I feare Deathes grielly girning face,
God graunt I doe not so reuenge my case:
A better deede to dye: for, to beholde
The Tyrantes visage grumme, with browes bprolde,
And with soft tender lippes, my foe to kisse,
And stande in awe of becks, and noddes of his,
Whose will to please, my griefe with cares yfirde,
Since brothers death by wicked wyle conspirde,
Could neuer once vouchsafe for to sustaine,
Lesse griefe to die, than thus to lyue in payne.
His Empire Nero rules, and ioyes in bloud:
The cause and grounde of death that tirant wood.
Howe ofte alas, doth fansie fondly fayne,
When slumber swete in pensiue parts doth raygne,
And sleepe in eyes, all tyde, wyth teares doth rest,
I apprehende deare Brittans liuely brest:
Ere whyle me thinks, his feeble shiuering hands
He fenseth sure, with deadly blasing brands,
And fiercely on his brother Neros face,
With sturdy stinging strokes, he flyes apace.
Ere while thilke wretch recoyleth backe againe,
And to my thewes for ayde retyres amaine:
Him foming foe pursues with hast to haue:
And whyle my brother I desire to saue,
And in my clasped armes to shield him free,
His goarie bloudyed faucheon keene, I see
The boysterous raumping fiende to tugge, and hale
Through out my shiuering limmes, as ashes pale.

Forthwith

Forthwith a mightie trembling chattering quake,
From wearie limmes, all couple sléepe doth shake,
And makes me, wofull wretch, for to recount,
My wailing sobbing sorrowes that surmount.
Hereto, put to that gorgeous stately mouse,
All glistring bright, with spoyles of Claudius house.
His parent deare in bubbling boate did douse.
That wicked sonne, this fisking dame to please.
Whome yet escaping daungers great of Seas,
He fiercer freake than waues that scantly rest,
With bloudy blade hir bowels did vnbrest.
What hope of health, can me, O wretch, abyde,
That after them thilke waye I shoulde not ryde:
My speciall foe, triumphant wise doth weight,
With naked nates to presse, by louers sleyght,
Our spousall, pure, and cleane vnspotted bed:
Gainst whome, she burns, with deadly fode bloud red.
And, for a mæde of filthy strumpets sport,
She causeth Make from spouse for to diuort.
O auncient Syre, steppe forth from Limbo lake,
Thy daughters heauie troublous cares to slake:
Or your twygated hellysh porche vnfolde,
That down through gaping ground I may be rolde.
Nutrix. O pitious wretch, in vaine, alas in vaine
Thou call'st vpon thy fathers senseleſſe spite:
In whome, God wotte, there doth no care remaine
Of mortall brode, that here doth take delight.
Shall he, thinke you, allwage your sorie chéere,
Or shape you forth some sleight, t'appall your paine,
That could preferre, before his Brittan déere,
T'imperiall throne, a straunge begotten swaine:
And with incestiall loue benummed quyte
His brother Germanicks daughter that could plyght,

And

And ioyne to him in ſolemne mariage rites,
With wofull, and vnluckye louers lightes:
Here ſprang the roale of burly burly great,
Here beaſtly venomous ſlaughter gan to ſweate,
Here wylie treaſons traines appeared firſt,
Here rules deſyre, and brutyſhe bloudie thirſt.
Sillanus firſt Prince Claudius ſonne in laive,
A bloudye mangled offring fall we ſaive,
That in your graces Hymæneal bedde,
Ymatcht with you, he might not couche his bedde.
O monſtrous ſlaughter, worthy endleſſe blame:
In ſteade of gift vnto that wanton dame,
A Carcaſſe colde poore ſoule, and cureleſſe corſe,
Sillane was giuen againſt his will perforce.
And falſly then attacht of traytors cryme
As one conſpyring death in Claudius tyme,
With lothſome ſtreakes ſpewde out vpon the wall,
Ye all bedaſht your fathers princely hall.
Eft ſtepped into ſeruile Pallace ſtroke,
To filthie vices lore, one eaſlye broke.
Of Diuelſhe wicked witte this Princocks proude:
By ſtepdames wyle prince Claudius Sonne anoude.
Whome deadely damme did bloudie match ylight:
And thee, againſt thy will, for feare did plyght.
Through which ſucceſſe this Dame of corage fine,
Durſt venture, mighty Ioue to vndermine.
Who can ſo many curſed kindes report
Of wicked hopes, and actes, in any ſort,
Or ſuch a womans gloſed guyles can name,
That raumpes at rule, by all degrees of ſhame:
Then holy ſacred zeale put out of grace,
Yir ſtagring ſteppes, directed forth apace.
And ſtern Erinnis in with deadly ſteps,
To Claudius Court, all deſert left yleps.

And

And with hir dyrie drakes of Stygian sort,
Hath quite distainde the sacred princely port.
And raging riuen in twaine both natures lore,
And right to wrongs misseshapen fourme hath tore.
That hautie minded dame first gaue hir make,
A deadely poysoned cup, his thyrst to slake.
Straight wayes againe through vyle vnkindly touch,
Hir Nero causde with him in hell to couch.
And thée, vnhappy Brite, in all that broyle,
Till that of breath, and lyfe he did dispoyle,
Thilk grédie bloudie tyrannt neuer stent:
Whose dolefull death, for aye we may lament.
Ere whyle, vnto the worlde the starre that shone,
And was the staye of princely court alone,
Now loe, light ashes easly puffe afore,
And grieslly goast to graue with Torche yborne.
Whome blessed Babe, thy stepdame did lament:
Nor from hir gushing teares, did scarce relent,
When as shee gaue eche trimme appointed parte,
And goodly portraide limmes with natures arte,
Of flaming stacke to be deuoured quite,
And sawe the scorching feruent fyre in sight
Thy naked ioynts to rauyne vp a pace
And like the flittering God thy comely face.
Oct. Dispatch be me least with this hande be fall.
Nut. That power you, nature graunted not at all.
Oct. But wondrous dolor, great and wrathfull yre,
And miseries will it graunt without desyre.
Nut. Nay rather cause your angry moody make,
With souple chéere his fury for to slake.
Oct. What, that he will by guylte once slaine before,
Aliue againe my brother mée restore?
Nut. Nay, safe that you may liue and issue beare:
Your fathers auncient court for to repaire.

Oct. That court doth wayte another bawde they say.
And poore Brites death tugges me another way.
Nut. Yet let the cities loue vnto your grace,
Your troubled minde confirme but for a space.
Oct. Their mindes so prest to pleasure me, I knowe
Great comfort bring: but do not slake my woe.
Nut. Of mightie power the people haue bene aye.
Oct. But princes force doth beare the greater sway.
Nut. Ye will respect his lawfull wedded wyfe.
Oct. Hys minion braue can not so leade hir lyfe.
Nut. Of no man she esteemde. *Oct.* But deare to make.
Nut. She can not truely yet of wyfehode crake.
Oct. Ere long shée shall a mother eke be made.
So farre therein I dare most boldly wade.
Nut. His youthfull heate at first in filthy loue,
With lusty, crusty pangs doth boyle aboue:
Thylke corage quickly colde in lust apace
As vapour sone extinct in flame, giues place.
But holy, louing, chaste vnspotted spouse,
Hir loue endureth aye with sacred vowes.
That wanton first that there durst couch hir hed,
And tumbling stayned quite your spousall bed,
And being but your mayde hath ruled long,
Hir soueraigne Lorde, with beauties grace bestong,
That pranked Paramour pert shal croutch with pain,
When she your grace shall see preferd againe.
For Poppie subiect is, and meeke of spright,
And now begins hir goastly tombs to dight:
Whereby she closely graunting doth bewray,
Hir secret hidden feare eche other day.
That swift, vnconstant, double wynged lad,
With cloute, before his blinded eyes, yclad,
That fickle brayned God, th'vnhappy boy,
Shall leaue hir in the midst of all hir ioy:

Although

Although for beautie bright the bell shée beare,
And goodly glistring garments new shée weare,
And now do vaunt hir selfe in gorgeous geere,
Shée shall not long enioy this gladsome chéere.
Be not dismayde, Madame, for such like paine,
The quéene of Gods was forced to sustaine,
When to eche pleasaunt shape the heauenly guyde,
And syre of Gods yturnde, from skyes dyd glyde.
The swannes white wings, to se how they could fadge
He did on him, and cuckoldes bullysh badge.
That God shone bryght in golden raynie showre,
To Danaes brest through top of fortred towre.
The twinckling starres, the twins of Lęda bright,
Whome Pollux sonne, and Castor call aright,
In large and ample space of starry scope,
With cristall glimmering faces shyne wide ope.
An Semeles sonne, whome Bacchus we do call,
In heauenly byrthright doth himselfe ystall.
And, Herculos that puissant champion stoute,
His sturdy brawnes his Hebe wyndes aboute.
Nor once regardes how goddesse Iuno fare:
Whose lowring stepdame nowe she is yframde,
That whyle on earth his prowes he did declare,
Against that mariage, aye, was sore inflamde.
Yet loe hir wise, and closely couched greefe,
Debonaire face, obeysaunce to hir léefe,
Causde him, at length his minde for to remoue,
Through mortall féeres estraungde from Iunos loue.
And nowe that mighty heauenly goddesse great,
No more adred of mortall strumpets feat,
Aloft alone in cloudy bowre contents
The thundering Lorde which now to hir relents.
Nor now with earthly ladyes beawtie bright
Yfired, leaues his starry specked right.
Now Madame, sith on earth your powre is pight,

And haue on earth quéene Iunos princely place,
And sister are, and wife to Neros grace,
Your wondrous restlesse dolours great appease.
Oct. Nay, sooner shall the roaring frothy seas,
And mounting, flashing flawes ymatch the skie,
And smoking, stifling parching fyer drye,
With danckish poles agrée, and watrie fenne.
And grisly Plutos filthie feltred denne,
With starbright heauen shall sooner coupled bée,
And shining light, with glomie shades agrée,
And with the cleare drye daye, the dewy night,
Than vnto seruile lore of husband wyght,
That brutish wise in bloud takes his delight.
My heauy wofull mynd can I addresse,
Whyle brothers death my heart doth still possesse.
O that of heauenly powers the prince, and syre,
That shogges & shakes the earth, with thundering fyre
And, with his wondrous fearefull, cursed crackes,
And straunge misshapen monsters which he makes,
Our fearefull musing mindes doth sore amase,
Would coyne some cureless burning wyldefyre blase,
To pelt, and passhe with thumpping fyer bright,
That diuelish pate, that cruel cursed wyght.
We saw frō heauen, with beames forthshoting farre,
Doubtlesse a dreadfull hearie, blasing starre:
That spouted forth a mortall fyerie flake,
Whose force a princes bloude can onely slake:
Euen where that hayting carman sloe Bóote
With chilling colde all starck, of frosen pole,
Doth guide aright Charles whirling running rote,
In steade of nyght that neuer away doth role.
Loe, now the open ayre in euery streate,
With doggish tyrantes breath, is poysoned quite,
And dreadfull starres some sodayne death doth threate.
To people, rulde by wicked Neros spite.

So sterne a freake, or mankinde tyrant stout,
Not Tellus with the Gods displeasde brought out,
When mightie Ioue neglected, she vp horlde,
Huge, vgly, monstrous Typhon to the worlde.
A sorer plague, a cleaner scouring scourge,
With bloudye paines that cities bounds doth purge,
Is Nero dyre, this cruell, curssed wyght,
That doth him selfe gainst God, and man vpryght:
And thrusts from sacred shrynes, their quiet port,
And goodly temples gaye, the sancted sort:
That cities dwellers puts from countries soyt:
That hath bereft his brother of his lyfe,
And launcht his mothers sides with goarie knyfe:
Yet doth this present lightsome day enioy,
And leades his lyfe, that doth vs sore anoy.
O father of heauen, in vain why doest thou throwe
Thy great vnbanquisht ratling thunder blowe
Vpon the whistling woods, and ample seas,
With force of princely power thy wrath t'appease:
On such an hurtfull, and pernicious freake,
Thy due and iust conceaued yre to wreake.
Why stay thy mightie puissaunt braunes so long,
Ere thou fling downe, thy ratling cracking throng:
O Lorde that Nero once might paye the pryce,
Of all his diuelish deedes, and euery vyce,
Th'whole wide worlds tirant stern, where he a stroke
Doth beare: which he ouer lades with burdnous yoke:
Of princely syre yborne, but doth defame,
With beastely manners vyle his princely name:
Oct. Vnworth he is, your spousall chamber place:
But yet your destnies force, you must imbrace:
And well, abyde your fortunes crooked race:
Nor moue vnkindly Neros gauly yre.
One daye perchaunce, there wil, as I desyre,

Some God reuenge your lamentable case:
And once, I truſt, a gladſome daye ſhall be,
When you ſhall ioy a freſhe in wonted place.
Oct. Ah, no, now, long this court alas, we ſee
With heauie wrath of Gods diſpleaſed yre
Hath ouercharged bene: which Venus dyre
With Meſſalinas monſtrous, ramping luſt,
She firſt hath brought adown into the duſt.
Who madly maryed to prince Claudius grace,
But little myndefull then of that ſame caſe,
And not regarding much th'appointed payne,
With curſſed creſſets maryed once agayne.
To which vnlucky inceſtuall bridall bed,
That drofell dyre that furious ſlut Erin,
With hanging haire about hir helliſh hed,
And gyrt with ſnakes with deadly ſtep went in.
And flaming brandes from ſpouſall chamber cought,
In both their blouds ybathde, hath quentched cleane:
And hath incenſt prince Claudius burning thought,
In bloudy thratling ſtroke to paſſe all meane.
My mother firſt of wretches all the moſt,
With ſtrype of deadly ſworde gaue vp hir goſt.
And nowe extinguiſht quite left me forlorne,
With dolours pyning pangs and mourning worne.
And after hir in helliſhe teame doth hayle,
Vnto the ſenſleſſe ſoules of Plutos layle
Hir make, and Britannick hir ſonne that way:
And firſt this ruinous courte did ſhe betray.
Nut. Let be, Madame, with teares your face to dight;
Ne ſo renewe your bitter wayling luſt:
Ceaſſe troubling now, your parentes pyteous ſpright,
That payed hath the price of raging luſt.

The

The fift Sceane.

Chorus.

GOd graunt the talke we heard of late,
To rashly trusted euery where,
And blowne abrode through eche estate,
No badge of truth, that it may beare.
And that no freshe espoused dame,
Our princes thews doe enter in,
But that Octauia keepe the same.
And that the seede of Claudius kin,
May once bring forth some pledge of peace:
That to the worlde rest may redowne,
And wrangling strife may easly cease,
And Rome retayne hir great renowne.
The peerlesse princesse Iuno hight,
Hir brothers wedlocke yoke retaynes:
Why is Augustus sister bright,
Where like betrouthed league remaynes,
From stately pompe of court reiect:
What doth deuoutnesse hir auaile:
To saincted syre, who hath respect:
What doth hir Virgins life prevaile:
And, Claudius now in ground layed,
Euen we to much vnmindefull bee:
Whose worthy stem we haue betrayed
Through feare, that made vs to agree.
In brest our elders did embrace,
The perfect Romaine puissaunce,
The true vnstained worthy race,
And bloude of Mars they did aduaunce.
The proude, and lofty stomackt traine
Of lustie hautie minded kings,

They

They could not suffer to remaine
Within this noble Cities wyngs.
And iustly they reuengde thy death,
O virgin chaste, Virginia pure,
Depryude by fyre of vitall breath,
That bondage thou mightest not endure.
And that his shameleſſe brutishe lust,
So good a méede might not enioy:
Although by filthie force vniust
Thy chastitie he would anoy.
Thée likewise whome thine owne right hande,
With sworde did pearce Lucretia true,
Who tyrants rape couldst not withstand,
Did bloudie broyles and warres ensue.
And with thy proude disdainefull make
Lorde Tarquin ympe of cursted séede,
Correction due doth Tullia take
For hir vnkindly shameleſſe déede.
Who on hir fathers mangled corse,
To mischiefe bent, and wicked bane,
The carman she to driue did force,
His cruell bruising wombling wane.
And quyte against all natures lawe,
Euen from hir owne dismembred syde,
The sacred rytes shée did withdrawe,
Denaying wonted buriall tyde.
This griefe or woful age doth féele,
Through monstrous act against all kynde,
When as in deadly craftye keele,
To Tyrrhen seas, and wrastling wynde,
The proude presuming prince did put,
His mother trapt in subtill sorte.
The maryners appointed out,
The swelling seas from pleasaunt porte.

The

The clash resoundes with stroke of ores,
The ship, out launcht, a pace doth spin,
In surging froth alwse fronn shores,
And ample course of seas doth win.
Which glyding forth with leusned planks,
In pressed streames with peises weight,
The riftes do open closed cranks,
That hidden were, with secret sleight:
And gulpeth vp the leaking waue:
The wofull, rosing noyse, and crye,
With womans shryks themselues to saue,
Doe reache, and beate the starrie skye.
Then grielly present death doth daunce
Before their eyes with pyning cheekes:
Whose deadly stroke and heauy chaunce
For to auoyde, then eche man seekes:
On ryuened rybs some naked lye,
And cut the beating waues in twayne:
And some their skilfull swymming trye,
To get vnto the shore agayne.
The greatest part that sayled there,
By destnies dyre to men present,
In whirling swallowes drowned were,
The brinks of seas and grounde betwirt.
Quéene Agryppine hir garments rendes,
She teares hir ruffled locks of heare,
Abundant blubbring teares she spendes,
Through deepe distresse of fainting feare.
Who, when no hope of health she spies,
Enflamde with wrath, which woes appeasde,
O sonne, for so great gyftes, she cryes,
Hast thou with such rewarde me pleasde?
This keele I haue deserued sure,
That bare and brought thee first to light:

Who empyre witleſſe did procure,
And Ceſars title for thy right.
Shew forth thy fearefull ſpritiſh face,
O Claudius now from Limbo lake,
And of thy wife in wretched caſe,
Reuenge and due correction take.
Thy death I cauſeleſſe did conſpyre,
Which now I rue with wofull hart:
I dreſſed eke a funerall fyre,
Into thy ſonne by deadly ſmart.
Loe, now as I deſerued haue,
Vntomde go to thy guiltleſſe goaſt,
Encloſde in ſeas in ſteade of graue,
And wreſtling waues of Romaine coaſt.
The flaſhing flawes do flap hir face,
And on hir ſpeaking mouth do beate,
Anone ſhée ſynkes a certaine ſpace,
Depreſſed downe with ſurges greate:
Anone ſhée fléetes on welt'ring brim,
And pattes them off with tender handes:
Through fainting feare then taught to ſwim,
Approching death, and fates withſtandes.
At length on troubled ſeas diſplayde,
Shée giuing ouer working vaine,
And tyrde with ſtreames is weary layde,
Not able toyling ſtrength to ſtraine.
In cloſe, and ſecret ſilent breſtes
Of mates with hirto ſea that yode,
In whome no feare of death there reſtes,
True faith vnto their quéene abode.
Their ladies weatherbeaten lyms
To helpe ſome freely venter dare,
Some in the cumbrous waters ſwyms,
And deſperate daunger do not ſpare.

With cheerfull voyce they comfort hir,
Though drawlyng draggling lims she drewe,
To lyft hir vp with helpe they stirre,
And nummed corps to strength renewe.
What bootes it thee the death to shonne
Of roaring raging rauening waues,
From deadly sworde of wycked sonne,
Alas poore wretch thée nothing saues:
Whose huge and heinous curssed rage,
Against all course of natures lore,
Our after slow beléeuing age,
Will scarce beléeue it done before.
The diuelish man repynde with griefe
When he his mother sawed sawe,
From swallowing seas haue safe reléefe
And that she vitall breath did drawe,
He grudgde with griefe: and in his heate,
He huger mischiefe heapes to thys:
He doth not once delay his feate,
But hedlong rashly caried is
Vpon her death. A souldiour sent,
Dispatcheth that he had in charge,
His ladies brest his blade doth rent:
Shee yéelding vp hir soule at large,
From wretched corps for to entomb
Hir slaughter man, she then besought,
That bloudy blade within her womb,
That first this woe to hir had brought,
This, this accursed breast (q shée)
Which this vnkindly monster bare,
From pinching paine may not be frée:
Digge, slash the same, no mischief spare.
When this with foultring tong was saide,
At last hir sad and trembling goast,
With latter sobbing sighes, vnstayde,
Through gorgd wounds leaues vitall coast.

Octauia.

The ſecond Act.

The fyrſt Sceane.

Seneca.

O me with like cõſent, why didſt thou ſmyle,
With gloſed lookes deluding mee a whyle,
O fortune much of might & princely powre:
To lift aloft to noble royall bowre:
To th'ende that I to honours court extolde
From ſtately ſeate might haue the greater fall,
And rownde about in euery place beholde,
Such dreadfull, threating daungers to vs all:
I safer lay alofe from enuies knockes,
Remou'd among the craggy corſick rockes:
Where as my minde there free at propre ſwaye,
With leyſure did repeate my ſtudies aye.
A gladſome ioy alone it was to bieue,
And earneſtly to marke the heuens ſo bleiue:
And ſacred Phœbus double wheeled wayne:
And eke the worldes ſwift whyrling motion mayne.
The Sunne ſo euen his ſecond courſe to keepe:
And Phębes glyding globe ſo ſwiftly ſweepe:
Whom wondrous ſtarting ſtarres encompaſſe round.
And to beholde, that ſhines in euery ſtound,
The glyſtring beawtie bright of welkin wyde:
Than which in all the worlde, nothing beſyde,
Of all this huge and endleſſe worke, the guyde,
More wondrous, nature, framde that I eſpyde.
For all the bumping bygneſſe it doth beare,
Yet waring olde is like againe to weare,
And to be chaungde to an vnwyldie lumpe.
Now preſt at hand this worldes laſt day doth iumpe,

With

With boyſtrous fall, and tumbling ruſh of ſkie,
To ſqueaſe, and make this curſſed kinde abie.
That ſpringing once againe, it may yeelde out,
An other ſtraunge renued vertuous route.
As once before, it did, new ſprong againe,
What time Saturnus held his golden raigne.
That blameleſſe, chaſte, vnſpotted virgin cleere,
A goddeſſe much of might, clept Iuſtice heere,
With ſacred ſoth ſent downe from heauenly ſpace,
At eaſe on earth did rule the mortall race.
That people plaine knew not of warlick feates,
Nor trembling trumpets tune, that rends, & beates,
The ſouldiours eares: nor chaſhing armour bright,
That warring wyghts defend in field, and fight.
Nor wonted was with walles to rampire rounde,
Their open Cities ſet in any ſtounde.
To eche man paſſage free lay opened than:
Nothing there priuate was to any man.
And then the ground it ſelfe, and fertile ſoyle,
Yir fruitfull boſome baarde all voyde of toyle,
Into ſuch bounden tacus, a Matron good,
And peaceable vnto ſo tuſte a brode.
But then, an other ſecond race aroſe,
Perceyued not to be ſo meeke as thoſe.
A third more wiſe, and witty ſort vp ſtarts,
Of nature forged fit t'inuent new arts:
As yet vnſpotted quite with filthy vice.
Soone after tho, they raundge with new deuice,
That boldly venture dare in ſtudding race,
Unweldie beaſts for to purſue apace.
And mighty weying, ſtruggling fiſhes great,
With watrie coates yclad, with fiſhers feat,
With net in window wiſe draw forth: and ſtreeke
With craft of quill, the nibbling fyſhes cheeke.

And

And silly byrdes begylde with pyning traine:
And light foote deere, for lyfe that fling amaine
In tangling gins entrapt, that safely holde.
And sturdy scouling visagde buls controlde,
On fleshie fillet necks, make weare the yoake:
And erth ere that vngrubbed vp that hoake:
Which thē turnde vp, with plowmans shining share,
In sacred bosome deepe, hir fruits kept thare.
But now this age much worse than all the rest,
Hath lept into hir mothers broken brest;
And rustye lumpishe yron, and massie golde,
Hath digged out, that was quite hidde with molde.
And fighting fists haue armde without delaye:
And drawing forth their bonds for rule to staye,
Haue certayne seuerall ioyly kingdoms made,
And cities new haue raisde now rulde with blade,
And fenseth, eyther with their proper force
Straunge stounds, or them assaults, the which is worse.
The starrie specked virgine floure of skyes,
Which Iustice hight, that guiltie folke disaries,
Now lightlie euē out of mortall people here,
Ech erthly stound is fled, and comes not neere
The sauage mannerd rout, and beastly rude,
With dabbed wrists in gearie bloud embrued.
The great deitye of grieslie war is sprong:
And raping thurst of gold, it is not yong.
Throughout the world, a mightie monstrous vice,
Fowle, filthie, monstrous lust hath got the price,
A pleasaunt tickling plague: whome longer space,
And errour deepe haue fostred vp a pace.
The heaps of vice, take by in yeares long past,
Abounding flowe in these our dayes at last.
And this same troublous tyme, and combrous age,
Oppresseth all mens sore, both yong and sage.

Wherein

Wherein thoſe wicked waies that be, do raigne,
And cruell, raumping woodneſſe boyles againe.
Luſt ſtrong in filthie touch, doth beare a ſwaye:
And princes, ryot, now doth catch awaye
With greedie pawes, to bring it to decaye,
Th'whole worlds vncredible welth, without delay.
But loe, which ſtaggring ſteps where Nero flings,
And viſage grim, I feare what newes he brings.

The ſecond Sceane, of the ſecond Act.

Nero. Prefectus. Seneca.

DIſpatch with ſpéede, that we cōmaũded haue:
Go, ſend forthwith ſome one, or other ſlaue,
That Plautius cropped ſcalp, & Sillas eke,
May bring before our face: go ſome man ſeke.
Prefectus. I will protract your noble graces heſt:
But to their camps to goe am ready preſt.
Seneca. Gainſt lynage, nought ſhould raſhly pointed be.
Nero. A light thing 'tis for to be iuſt, I ſée
For him, whoſe hart is voyd of ſhrinking feare.
Se. A ſoueraigne ſalue for feare, is for to beare,
Your ſelfe debonair to your ſubiects all.
Ne. Our foes to ſlea, a chefetaines vertue call.
Se. A worthier vertue 'tis, in countries eye,
His people to defend with ſword, and fyre.
Ne. It well beſéems ſuch aged wights, to teach,
Vnbrideled ſpringolls yong, and not to preach,
Both to a man, and prince of ryper yeares.
Se. May rather frolick youthfull bloud appeares,
To haue more nède of counſell wiſe, and graue.
Ne. (This age ſufficient reaſon ought to haue.)

Se. That

Se. That heauenly powers your doings may alow.
Ne. A madnesse 't were to Goddes for me to bow,
When I my selfe can make such Goddes to be;
As Claudius nowe ycounted is we se.
Se. So much the more, bycause so much you may.
Ne. Our power permits vs all without denay.
Se. Giue slender trust to fortunes flattering face;
She topsie turuie turnes hir wheele a pace.
Ne. A patch he is that knoweth not what he may.
Se. A princes prayse I counted haue alway,
To do that same which with his honor stood,
Not that which frantike fansie counteth good.
Ne. If that I were a mecock, or a slouch,
Eche stubborne, clubbish dawe woulde make mée couch.
Se. And whome they hate with force they ouerquell.
Ne. Then, dynt of sworde the prince defendeth well.
Se. But faith more sure defence doth seeme to me.
Ne. Full méete it is that Cæsar dreaded be.
Se. More méete of subiects for to be belou'd.
Ne. From subiects myndes feare must not be remou'd.
Se. What so by force of armes you do wring out,
A grieuous worke it is to bring about.
Ne. Well hardly then our will let them obay.
Se. Will nothing then but that which well you may.
Ne. We will decrée what we shall best suppose.
Se. What peoples voyce doth ioyntly bynde or lose,
Let that confirmed stand. Ne. Swordes bloudy dynt
Shall cause them else at me to take their hynt.
Se. God sheeld, and far that fact from you remoue.
Ne. What then, why Seneck do you that approue,
That we contemnde, despyde, and set at nought,
With fynger put in hole (full wysely wrought)
Our bodyes bloude to seke should them abide,
That they might vs sometime destroy vnspide?

There

Their natiue country boundes to bannisht bée,
Nor Plautius brest nor Syllas eke we sée
Hath broke, or tamde: whose cankred churlish yre,
Shapes bloudy freakes to quench our bodies fyre.
And chiefly when these trayterous absent clownes,
Such wondrous fauour finde in cities bownes,
Which those same exiles lingring hope doth fede:
Suspected foes with sworde we will out wéede.
And so Octauia shall that ioyly dame,
Continue after them their bloudy game.
And wend that way her nowne white brother went,
Such hye mistrusted things must needes be bent.
Se. It is, O prince, a worthy famous thing,
Amyds redoubted Lordes alone to ring:
And wisely worke your countries praise to saue:
And well your selfe to captiue folke behaue:
From cruell brutish slaughter to abstaine:
And voyde of mode to wreake your angry paine;
And, to the worlde a quiet calme to giue,
That all your age in peace their liues may liue.
This is a Princes praise without all cryme:
This is the path to heauen whereby we clyme.
So is Augustus prince and father cald
Of country first, in starbright throne ystald.
Whome as a God in minsters we adorne,
Yet troublous fortune tossed him beforne,
A great while long on lands, and ruffling seas,
Untyll his fathers foes he could appease,
And through wars diuers course could quel thē quite.
To you did fortune yelde hir power, and might,
And raynes of rule without all blond, and fyght.
And to your beck both land, and seas hath bent.
Grim deadly enuy daunted doth relent.
The Senate Lordes gaue place with frée consent:

The battaylous route of knightes with willing hearts
(That same decre from sager syres departes)
Unto the lay mens choyse doe well agrée.
Your grace the spring of peace they count to be.
And chosen Judge, and guyde of mortall stock.
Your grace, your countries sacred syre, doth rock,
And rule with princely gorgeous tytle bryght,
The cycled worlde in rundell wysely ydight.
Which myghty mounting name to kéepe so great,
This noble city Rome, doth you entreate:
And doth commend vnto your royall grace,
Hir lively lyms in charge for your lyues space.
Ne. The gyft of Goddes it is, as we discus,
That Rome with Senate sort doth honour vs.
And that the feare of our displeasure great,
From cankred enuious stomaks maketh sweat
Both humble talke, and supplications méeke.
And were not feare all these would be to seeke.
Unwieldy, combrous cities members ill,
That prince, and cuntrie both doe seeke to spill,
To leaue alyue (which swell, and puffed bée,
Bycause of lynage greate, and hye degree)
What madnesse meere is it when as we may,
Euen with a word, such freakes dispatch away?
Sir Brutus stern, his brawns and armes did dight,
His soueraigne liege to slayne by force and might,
That erst had holpen him, and giuen him health,
And had endued him with princely wealth.
In brunt of raging war, vndaunted out,
That vanquisht many people strong, and stout,
Prince Cesar, mateht, by great degrées of power,
To Ioue, in stately chayre of starrie bower,
By diu'lish citizens wicked wyle, was slayne.
What store of bloudie, skiffling streames on molde
Did tattred Rome, of hir owne limbs, behold?

The

The by his noble vertues worthy praise,
Whome peoples common brute to heauen doth raise,
August, among the Gods ysainted well,
How many noble brests did he compell,
How many springolds yong, and hoarie heds,
Eche where disperst, to ligge in mouldred beds:
How many men did he bereaue of breth,
Tofore proscript, that were condemnd to death:
When for the griesly feare of deadly dart,
From proper home they were constraind to part,
And flye Octauius force, and Lepidus might,
And not abyde sterne Marke Antonius sight,
Which then the ample worlde at once did guyde,
That into kingdomes three they did deuide.
To dumpish sadded syes, with heauy cheere,
Their childerns griesly cropped pates appeere,
Hong out before the Senates iudgement seat,
For eche man to beholde in open streat:
Ne durst they once lament their pitcous case,
Nor inward seeme to morne to Claudius face.
The market stead, with bloud from bodies spued,
And lothsome mattrie streames, is all embrued:
And, quite throughout, their faces foule arayde
The pitcous gubs of bloud drop downe, vnstayde.
Nor here did this same slaughterous bloudshed stay:
Phyllips, Pharsalia gastly fields eche day
The cromming rauening foules, and cruell beasts,
Long fed, with gobbets bigge of manly breasts.
Beside all this, the coast he scoured quyte
Of Sicill sea, and ships to warre yoyght
With force of armes did win: and hauock made
Of proper subiects, slaine with his owne blade.
The rundle round of lands with mightie maine
Of noble chiefraines stroake, reboyles againe.

Antonius ouercome in nauale fight,
To Egipt poasts in ships prepard to flight:
Not loking long to liue, nor hoping life.
Incestuous Egipt (through Antonius wife)
That worthy Romaine princes bloud, did sucke:
And couerd lye their goasts with durtie mucke.
Long wicked, waged ciuile warre, there stayed,
In Marke Antonius graue, with him ylayed.
Augustus at the last, of conquest great
His dulled swords, that wounded soules did beat
In peaceable sheaths reposde, hath layde at rest:
And scarce doth rule, and guide his kingdoume best.
By readie force of armes at all assayes,
And Captaynes sayth he sheeldes himselfe alwayes:
Whome now his sonnes most worthy vertues prayse,
To heauen a consecrated God doth rayse,
And causeth all, in Churches for to place
The sacred Picture of prince Claudius grace.
And vs, the starrie raigne of Gods shall byde
If first, with dreadfull sword about vs wyde,
We wype away, what so our person staine:
And found our court with worthy stem againe.
Se. Your noble spouse, sprong forth of saincted peere,
Of Claudius stock, the starbright Diamond cleere,
That goddesse Iuno wise hir brothers bed
Partaking, pressed downe with buttocks red,
Your graces princely court shall garnish gay,
With wondrous heauenly faire descended stay.
Ne. Incestuous maried dames, from stock, and stem,
Detract all hope, that we should haue of them.
Nor vs, could she once loue, that we could see,
Nor with our person once at all agree.
Se. In tender budding yeres, when loue suppresst
With blushing, hydes the flames of burning brest,

Scant

Scant plaine appeares the loue they beare in deede.
Ne. Thus me our selfe with hope in vaine did feede:
Although vndoubted signes, as body wryed,
And frowning lokes, which we haue oft espyed,
Hir spitefull, hating stomack did bewray
Which shee doth beare, whome duety byndes t' obay.
Which yet at lasse, bigge, boyling, greeuous paine
With death determinde hath t' auenge againe.
We haue found out, for byrth, and beauties grace
A worthy make, for such an Empresse place:
To whome, that louely goddesse, Venus bright,
And mightie Ioue his spouse that Iuno hight,
And goddesse fierce in boysterous warlike artes,
Giues place for bodies seemely portraid partes.
Se. Faith, meekenesse, maners mylde, & bashfull shame
Of spouse, those ought an husbande to reclame.
The perls of iudging minde, alone remaine,
Not subiect once to any rulers raigne.
The passing pryde of beauties nummning grace
Eche day appals, and bleammsheth a pace.
Ne. What praises woman wights haue in thē closde &
All those, in hir alone hath God reposde.
And such a peereleesse peere, the guides of life,
The destnies would haue borne to be our wife.
Se. O noble prince such blinde, vnlawfull loue,
(Do rashly credit nought) from you remoue.
Ne. Whom Ioue can not repell that rules the clouds,
And pearcing raging flouds, therein him shrouds,
And raungeth through the raigne of Plutos pit,
And pulleth down in welkin hie that sit
The mightie powers of heauen, the God of loue:
And can I then his force from me remoue:
Se. Swift winged loue, mens fansie fond, in vaine
A mercy wanting God to be, doth faine:

And armes his hands with wounding weapons keene
And bowes with burning brands, for louers greene:
Of Venus to be sprong, they all accord,
And blyndly forgde, of thunders limping Lorde.
Bland loue the minds great torment sore, appeares,
And buddeth first, in frollick youthfull yeares.
Who, while we drinke of fortunes pleasaunt cup,
With laysie pampring ryot, is nestled vp:
Whome if to foster vp, you leaue at length
It fleting, falles away with broken strength.
This is, in all our life, as I suppose
The greatest cause, how pleasure, first arose.
Which sith mankinde by brooding, bydeth aye,
Through gladsome loue, that fierce wilde beasts doth sway
It neuer can, from manly breast depart.
Ne. This selfe same God, I wish with all my harte
The wedlock lights to beare before our grace,
And fasten Poppie, sure, in our bed place.
Se. The peoples griefe might neuer yelde to it:
Nor vertue can, the same at all, permit.
Ne. Shall I alone to do, forbidden bee,
That euery patch may do: that greeueth mee.
Se. No trifling toyes, the people lookes to haue
Of him, that ought to rule with wisedome graue.
Ne. It pleaseth vs, with daunted power, to trye,
If peoples rathe conceyued rage, will flye.
Se. Seeke rather for to please, and calme their mood.
Ne. Ill ruled is that raigne where people brood,
Their subiect prince doth weld, as they thinke good.
Se. When nought that they require they can obtaine,
They iustly then agrieued are againe.
Ne. That gentle prayers can not win with ease,
By force to wring it out, it doth vs please.

Se. An

Se. An hard thing 'tis the people not to haue
That of their Prince, which they do iustly craue.
Ne. And horrible 'tis a Prince to be constraind.
Se. Let not your subiects then so sore be raind.
Ne. Why then the common brute abroade will be.
How that the people haue subdued mee.
Se. That no man trusts, that is of credit light.
Ne. Be it so, yet many it marks with deadly spight.
Se. With countrie pæres to meddle, it is afraid.
Ne. To quippe and crump, 'tis nothing lesse dismaid.
Se. Your grace may easly couch that budding brute.
Let fainted syres deserts with pliant sute,
Your graces mynde, remoue: let spouses age,
And curteous bashfull shame disrump your rage.
Ne. Leaue off, I say, that we entend, to grutch.
For now your talke, our patience moueth much:
I pray you let it lawfull be to do,
That Seneck giueth not aduise vnto.
And we, our peoples wishes do defer,
While Poppie feele in wombling womb to ster,
The pledge of faithfull loue to me, and her.
Why do we not appoint the morowe next,
When as our mariage pompe may be content?

The third Act.

The fyrst Sceane.

Agrippina.

THrough paunch of riuened earth, from Plutos
With goastly steps, I am returnd again. (rain
In writhled wrists that blood do most desyre,
Forguilding wedlock vile, with Stygian syre.

Let

Let Poppæa, which these trestels coupled sure,
Vnto my spouse be toynde in mariage pure:
Whome mothers griefe, and hard reuenging wracks,
Shall send with heawe and hoe, to funerall stacks.
I alwayes doe remember well beneath,
Where pitrous, ghostly, crauling souls doe breath,
Th'vnkindly, slaughterous deede, which to our spright
Yet vnreuengde, is grieuous, and of ryght.
And, for the good I did, a cruell pryse,
That deadly framed ship in crafty wise:
And due reward, that he gaue me agayne,
For helping him to rule of Empyres raigne:
And eke that night, when as I did bewayle,
Both losse of ship, wherin we then did sayle,
And mates vnhappy death: and while I thought,
For this accursed diede, to haue besought
The Gods, to trickling teares he gaue scant tyme,
But twice encreased hath his diuelish crime.
Quyte slaine w swoord, thrust through my bodies bolds
And filthie layed through goatie mattring wounds,
Deliuered sake, from seas deuouring sup,
In antique court, my goast I yeelded vp.
Nor yet his rancred, and vnsatiate hate,
For all this bloud, doth Nero once abate.
That tyrant dire doth rage at mothers name,
And seeketh wayes, my deedes for to defame.
Who threating death to them that doe withstand,
My shapes he dingeth downe, in euery land:
My princely tytles large he scrapeth out
In euery place, the whole wyde worlde about,
Which my vnkurtie parents loue did giue,
To much vnto my payne, while I did liue,
Vnto a boy to gayde, which nowe I rue.
My poysoned syake, my ghost doth oft pursue:

And

And in my face, with burning brondes, doth flye.
He stayes a space with earnest talke hard by,
And threatneth sore, and doth impute his death
And tombe he should haue had, to me beneath.
And now desyres to haue some factious wight,
That dare dispoyle my sonne of breathing spright.
Let be, you shall haue one to worke this crime,
I do require no long delaied time.
Reuenging spyt Erin, a death doth coyne,
Of life, that wicked tyrant, to purloyne.
Sore smarting leaden strypes, and shamefull flyght,
And pyning panges, with thurst and hunger dyght:
That Tantalus spungelyke thurstie mouth befurd,
And Sisyphus toyle shall passe, and Tityus burd,
And Ixions painefull, wombling wheele about,
That teareth all his bodies parts throughout.
Although that tyrant proud and scornefull wyght,
His court with marble stone do strongly dyght,
And princelike garnish it with glistring gold:
Though troupes of souldiours shielded sure, vphold
Their chiefstaines princely porch: & though yet still
The world drawne dye with taskes euen to his will,
Great heapes of riches yéelde them selues to saue,
Although his bloudie helpe, the Parthians craue,
And kingdomes bring, and gods all that they haue,
The time, and day shall come, when as he shall
Forlorne, and quite vndone, and wanting all,
Vnto his curssed déedes, his life, and more,
Vnto his foes, his baared throat restore.
Alas, vnto what end is all my paine,
Or in what case, do now my vowes remaine:
Whereto doth now thy rage, and destnies spyte
Draw thée, O sonne, with braine benummed quyte:
That to such monstrous heaps of ylls thy dame
(Whō thou, with curssed mischiefe ouercame)

Hir wrath should yéeld: O that, ere to the light
A sucking babe I brought thée forth in sight,
And fed thée fyne with pappe, as princely borne,
The fierce, wylde, sauage beasts had rent and torne
My wombe, and bloudie entrells all beforne.
Without all cryme, and wanting reasons pryde,
Mine owne déere dandling childe þ shouldst haue dyde.
And fastned sure to me shuldst aye beholde,
The quiet place, where ghostlie soules be colde:
And sée thy graund syres great of worthy fame,
And syre Domitius eke of princely name,
Whome nowe, both shame, and wayling doth abyde,
That whyle they dure, from them shall neuer slyde.
For which, both thée, O curssed barne, they may,
And mée, that thée haue borne giue thankes for aye.
But why cease I, with Hell to hide my face,
Wyfe, stepdame, mother dire, in my life space:

The seconde Sceane of the thirde Act.

Octauia. Chorus.

SO not, alas, thus sore lament,
But rather yet your mourning stay,
Sith that the citie whole is bent
To celebrate this ioyfull day:
Least your great loue, and fauour both.
Which I do count to be most sure,
The more cause Nero me to loth,
And eke his bitter wrath procure:
And I fall out to be the ground
To you of many mischieues vile,
This same is not the first déepe wound,
That I haue felt now this good while:

Farre worſſe than this haue I abode:
But of theſe troublous cares, this day
Shall make an ende, I truſt in God,
Although with death he doe me pay.
No man to ſée ſhall mée conſtraine
His bended browes knit furrowiſe,
Nor ſtep within the chamber raigne
Of maide dreſt vp in brydall guyſe.
Auguſtus ſiſter I will bee,
And not his wife, as wont I was:
But onely paines remoue from mée,
And feare of death, I will not paſſe.
Yet canſt thou, piteous wretch, once truſt,
Thy cruell husbands father law,
Or theſe fewe things to haue ſo iuſt
Whyle miſchiefs yet in minde are raw:
Now long reſerv'd, vntill this day,
And theſe ſame mariage rytes be paſt,
Thou ſhalt poore wretch, without delay,
A bloudie offring dye at laſt.
Why thus with teares diſfigured ſore
Thy wonted home doeſt thou beholde:
Make haſte, to ſhunne this deadly ſhore,
And leaue this ſtraughtrous Princes folde.
Chorus. Loe ſe that day ſuſpected long,
And whiſpered fame in all mens eares,
With gliſtring pomp of brydall throng,
To vs poore wretches, now appeares.
And Claudius bryde, Octauias grace,
From Neros wedlock place expeld,
Departed is, whoſe ſpouſall ſpace,
Hath Poppie conquerour long tyme held.
The whyle, our pitie couched lyes
Kept downe with heauie, combrous feare,

And slow reuenging griefe likewise:
Where doth the peoples power appeare,
That brake the force of princes great,
That conquerous citie lawes hath framde,
That worthy men to honors seat
Preferd, that warre and peace proclaimde,
That sauage people straunge did tame
That kyngs and princes caught in fyght,
Shut surely vp in prison frame,
To keepe them close from all mens syght:
Loe, which we can not once abyde,
To see, where Poppies ymage trim,
Conioyned vnto Neros syde
All glistring bright, shines very brim.
Let force of armes pull downe that frame
And match with ground that ladies face
Tow likely carued to his name,
And snatch hir downe from bedding place,
And let it forthwith fire with brandes
With Darts and Iauelins fiercely slong,
From pythie brawnes and sturdy handes,
Vnto the princes courtly throng.

The fourth Act.

The fyrst Sceane.

Nutrix. Poppea.

FRom out of spousall bower dismaied wt feare,
Whither go you: what secrets daughter deare
Vnknowen, maks you to loke so drouselye:
Why spungelike lokes your face wt teares frō (eye
That fell: of truth, the tyme desired long,
And wisshed for by prayers, and vowes among

hath

Hath shined bright. Cæsars wedlock are you:
Your golden grace, whereof he toke the view.
Him prisoner caught, and did him surely binde,
So much the more, how much Seneck his minde
Did seeke to chaunge, and wild from loue to weeld.
And Venus chiefe in loue hath made him yeeld.
O in beautie passing all, what beds than downe
More soft, haue borne thy weght: when ỹ with crowne
Didst sit in middes of court, the Senate all
At thy great beautie agast, thou didst appall:
Whylst thou the Goddes with perfume sensedst fyne,
And sacred altars drencht with thankfull wyne,
Thy hed attyrde with veyle of yellowe hiewe.
By Cesars syde thou wentst as princesse newe:
When he aloft extolde aboue the reast,
With hautie courage meryly went to feast.
Like as King Peleus went some tymes to take
Queene Tethis, whom salt seas some bredde, his make.
Whose biding chambers, banquetwise ydrest,
The Gods vouchsaakt to hallow with their hest,
Both they that rule in skies, and eke in seas.
But tell, O Ladie, tell, if it you please,
What sodaine chaunce doth shade your beauties light?
What meanes your colour chaunge from red to white?
What moues those trickling teares, how standes your plighte?
Poppea. With dreames, and griesly sights, this last night nurse,
My minde was troubled sore, but frayd much worse.
For when sir Phœb his werie course had rid,
Whyle quiet resting night eche thing shadid,
My senses wearie fell in slumber deepe,
Whyle Nero me within his armes did cleepe.
Resoluing limms, at length gan sleepe discharge,
And long I rest not vnder quiets targe.

For loe, I saw a rout, that brought me feare,
Come to my chamber with disheueled heare:
The Matrons sage of Latin lande did mourne,
And sounded shrycking syghes as though forlorne
They were, the dolefullst wights that liue on grounde.
And oft among the warlike trumpets sounde,
I sawe my husbandes mother terribly stande,
With threatning loke berayed with bloud, in hande,
A light fyre brand shee bare which oft shee shooke,
And made me goe with hir, through fearefull looke.
When downe we came through op'ned earth, she led
The way, I after went with bowing hed,
And musing much thereat, marke what I say,
My bed, me thought I saw, wherein I laye,
When first espoused I was to Rufe Cryspine:
And he me thought, with first sonne of his line,
With many following them, against me fast
Did come, and me to cleepe did swift his hast,
And as he wonted was, he kisse me oft.
Then rusht into my house, with pace not soft
Amased Nero shoe, in Crispines brest
That hidde his fauchion here: feare shakte of rest
From me: I trembling stode with quiuering feare,
And brest dismaide to speake made me forbeare.
Tell now Nourse I met with thee, whose trust,
And faith into these words haue made me brust.
Alas what threatneth me eche grisly spyte:
What meanes of husbands bloude that dolefull sight:
Nutrix. The hidden sacred vaine that moueth swift,
Which fantasie we call by secrete drift,
When we do take our rest, doth shew againe,
The things both good and bad that broyle in braine.
You maruel that you saw your make, and bower,
His goastly funerall stacks, at that same hower,

Round

Round clasped close in armes of husband newe:
Hereto, the beaten brests with hands mou'd you,
And maidens heare, on mariage day displayed:
Octauias friends with heauie harts, bewrayed,
Amids hir brothers both, and fathers hall
Their heauie cheere, for hir vnlucky fall.
That dreadfull blasing flame of fyre foreborne
In Agryppinas hande, your grace beforne,
Which you did follow streight, declares renowne
To you, though enuy striue to kepe it downe:
The seat you saw beneath, doth promise you
Your state to stand full sure, not chaunging newe:
That Nero prince in Crispins throat did hyde
His sword, it tels that he in peace shall byde,
Vnknowen to bloudie ruthfull warre for aye.
Therefore, madame, plucke vp your hart, I pray:
Receyue bothe mirth, and glee, cast feare aside,
With ioye, and ease you may in bower abyde.
Pop. To temples hie, where mightie Gods do dwell,
I will repaire, and offrings to them fell
In humble wise, their heauie wrath t'appease,
And me of mighty sight, and dreames to ease.
My second wish shal be, that this feare all,
Vpon my foes as sodaine chaunce may fall.
O nurse, pray thou for me, some vowes do make
Toth' Gods, that gostly feare his sight may take.

The second Sceane of the fourth Act.

Chorus.

IF stelth disclosde by blabbing fame,
And lustie, pleasaunt, thankfull loue,
Of loue be true: who fourme did frame
Of Swan, to come from skies aboue,

And

And did enioye the ſweét conſent,
Of Ladie Lædas loues delight:
Who like a Bull his labour ſpent,
Through flowing fluds to carie quite.
Europa ſtiely ſtolne away:
He will no doubt, leaue raigne of ſkye
And Poppies loue diſguiſde, aſſaye.
If he hir ſoueraigne beautie ſpie.
Which he might well prefer before
Faire Lædas ſugred ſwéete delight;
And Danaë whome he won of yore
Amaſde with golden ſhower ſo bright:
Let Sparte now for Helens ſake
Of beautie, bragging fame vpraiſe:
Admitte the Troian heardman make
Of gayned ſpoyle triumphant praiſe:
Faire Helen here is ſtained quite:
Whoſe beautie bredde ſuch boyling yre,
That earth was matched euen in ſighte
With Troian towers conſumde with fyre.
But who is this that runs with feare oppreſt?
Or els what newes brings he in panting breſt?

The thirde Sceane of the fourth Act.

Nuntius. Chorus.

WHat ſturdie champion ſtout doth ioy with glée
Our chieftaines royall bower ſafe to ſée,
Then to his court, I counſell him to wend,
Gainſt which the populus rout their force doth bend.
The rulers runne amaſde to fetch the garde,
And armed troupes of men, their towne to warde.

Nor wodnesse rashly cought through feare, doth ceasse,
But more and more, their power doth increase.
Cho. What sodain rage doth beat their broyling brain?
Nunt. The garisons great with fury astonde againe,
And sturred vp for Queene Octauias sake
With monstrous myschiefe vile, their rage to slake,
They rumbling rushe into the Pallace farre.
Chor. What dare they do, their counsailers who are?
Nunt. Aduaunce their Empresse old, subuert the new:
And graunt hir, brothers beds, as is hir due.
Chor. Which Poppie now, with hole consent doth hold?
Nunt. Yea that vnbrideled rage in brest vprold,
Sets them agog, and maks them wondrous wood.
What euer ymage grauen in marble stood,
If Poppies badge it bare, or if in sight,
It tended for to shewe hir beautie bright,
Though it on heauenly altares braue did stand,
They breake, or pull it downe, with sword or hand.
Some parts with ropes sure tyde, they trayle thē forth,
Which spurnd wt durtie feete, as though naught worth
With filthy stinking myre, they it all beray.
And with their deedes their talke doth iumpe agree,
Which mine amased minde, thinks true to bee.
For fierie flames they threat for to prepare,
Wherewith to waste, the princes Pallace faire,
Vnlesse, vnto their furious moode he giue
His second wife, and with Octauia liue,
But he by me shall know in what hard staie
The Citie stands: the rulers Ile obaie.
Chor. Alack, what made you cruell warres, in vaine
To moue, sith prisoner loue you can not gaine?
You can not him ouercome, your fierie flame
He recketh not: his eyes ouercomes the same.

The darkned hath those thundring things that shake
Heauen, Earth, Hel, Sea, al things ỳ makes to quake.
Yea mighty Ioue, in heauen that weares chief crowne
His flames from welkin hie hath brought adowne.
And you, not victors now, but vanquisshed,
Shall raunsome pay, the price of hearts bloud red.
Loue, pacient can not be, but hote in rage,
No easie thing it is, his wrath t'asswage.
Achilles worthy wight, that was so stout,
To twang the Harpe he made in Ladies rout,
Prince Agamemnon sterne that boy benumd,
And rable rude of Grækes with loue bronds bumd.
King Priams raigne he topsie turuis tost,
And godly Cities great he chiefly lost.
And now my minde sore frighted stands agast,
What Cupides furious force brings vs at last.

The fourth Sceane of the fourth Act.

Nero.

Ah, ah, our captaines sloe dispatching coyle,
And our long suffring yre in such a broyle, (rage
That streames of bloud yet do not quench their
Which they against our propre person wage.
And that all Rome, with corses strewd about,
Those cruell villaines bloud, doth not sweat out.
But deedes already done, with death to pay
A small thing 'tis, a greater slaughtrous day
The peoples curssed crime, and eke that dame,
Whome I did aye suspect, deserues the same.
To whome, to yelde those peasaunts would me make:
At last she shall, with life our sorow slake,

And

And with hir bodies bloud ſhall quench our yre.
Then, ſhall their houſes fall by force of fyre:
What burning both, and buildings fayre decay,
What beggerly want, and wayling hunger may,
Thoſe villaines ſhal be ſure, to haue eche day.
Ah Prouender pricks that vyle rebellious race,
Ne can they once our fauour well embrace,
Nor be content, with peace in quiet ſtate,
But broyling raumpe about with troubled gate.
Hereon with boldneſſe ſtraight hereon they flie,
With harebraind raſhneſſe hedling by and by.
Well, they muſt tamed be with heauy ſtroke,
And downe be kept with peiſe of weightie yoke:
That they, with like attempt, doe not ariſe,
Nor once caſt vp their deadly peaſaunts eyes,
Againſt our louing ſpouſes golden lokes:
Firſt puniſh them ſure, then feare ſhal be their bookes,
To teache them, at their Princes beck t' obaye.
But ſee at hand, whome fayth, and vertue rare,
Lieutenant chiefe of camps, appointed thare.

The fyft Sceane of the fourth Act.

Præfectus. Nero.

THe vulgare peoples raſh vnruly rage,
The ſlaughter of a fewe did ſone aſſwage,
Which long wöstode our valiant force in vain,
To tel your grace this newes, I come againe.
Nero. And is this then ynough, doeſt thou ſo well,
O ſouldiour marke what doth thy captaine tell:
Haſt thou with held thy hand from bloudie yre:
Is this the due reuenge that we requyre:
Præ. The captaine guides of treaſon payd their hyre,

By desperate death of bloudie swoꝛde in fight.
The rout which sought with flaming fyꝛe to light,
Our royall Pallace great, who would assigne
Their Pꝛince what he should doe: and pull in fine
Our mate from vs dissoluing wedlocke bandes:
Whose hardie slaunderous tongs, & wicked handes,
Hir pꝛincely grace repꝛochfully withstandes,
From due reuenge, are they dysmissed frée?
Præf. Shall subiectes payne, by griefe assigned bée?
Ner. It shall assigne which time shall neuer weare.
Which neyther wꝛath may ende, noꝛ yet our feare?
Shée shall appease our hie displeased minde,
Who first, our wꝛath deserued due to finde.
Præf. Declare whose death your mood doth most require
Let not my hande be stayde from your desire.
Ner. It seekes our sisters death, and trayterous hed.
Præf. Those woꝛdes through all my limbs, hath stifnesse
Oppꝛest with griesly feare: *Ner.* Vs to obay (spꝛed,
Stands thou in doubt? *Præf.* On sayth why do you lay
So great a fault? *Ner.* Bycause thou sparedst our foe.
Præf. Deserues a woman to be termed so?
Ner. If treason she begin. *Præf.* Is any man
So sure, that hir accuse of treason can? (wights
Ner. The peoples rage: *Præf.* Those madde vnweldie
Who oꝛde could? *Ner.* Who could stir vp their spꝛits?
Præf. No creature as I thinke. *Ner.* A woman could,
In whome a mind Dame nature hath vpfould,
To mischiefe pꝛone: shée armed hath hir hart,
To hurt by wyles: yet strength shée set a part,
Least shée vndaunted soꝛce with hir should beare:
But nowe hir slender power with doubting feare,
Is quickly quayde, oꝛ else with punishment,
Which hir condemned state to mischiefe bent,

To

To late doth ende: away with graue aduise,
As with entreating seeke not to entyse.
Dispatch that we commaund on shipbord borne,
Farre off to shore alofe with dashing worne,
Commaund she be: that tunlike swelling brest
At length in storming stomack may take rest.

The first Sceane of the fourth Acte.

Chorus. Octauia.

ALack the peoples bitter loue,
And dyre god will to many one,
Which, when they hoysted sayles aboue,
With pleasaunt blastes it made to grone,
And caried them farre from quiet shore,
That fayntyng, leaues them in the deepe,
And tombling, raging waters rore.
Cornelia piteous wretch, did weepe,
And sore bewayle hir sonnes estate:
The peoples loue did vndoe them,
And wondrous fauour, bred them hate:
Great worthy peeres of noble stem:
Of high renowne for vertues prayse:
In faith and eloquence both did pas
Their stomacks stout their fame did rayse:
Ith lawes eche one most excellent was.
And Scipio, thee did fortune yelde
Vnto lyke death, and curssed wracke,
Whome neyther honours pompe could shelde,
Nor fenced house thy foes kepe backe.
Woe to repeate, although I could,
Mine present griefe forbiddeth sore:

Ere whyle to whom the people would,
Hir Fathers antique court reſtore,
And Brothers wedlock once againe,
Now weeping, wringing hands poore wretch,
Unto hir cruell, deadly paine,
The armed ſouldiours do hir fetch.
How ſafe doth pouertie lye content,
In thetched houſe ſafe ſhrouded theare:
Hie rayſed towers with blaſts are bent,
Which often times them ouer beare.
Oct. Where pull you mee poore wretche: alas,
Into what bannisht exiles place,
Would Nero haue mée for to pas,
Or fortune bids, with frowning face:
If now with fainting ſtrength quite colde,
And with my broyles all wearied ceaſſe,
And longer life ſhée graunt me woolde,
If that ſhée work for to increaſe,
My ſorrowes great with deadly dart,
Why is ſhée then ſo muche my foe,
In countrie that I maye not part,
And leaue my life before I goe:
But now no helpe of health I feele,
Alas I ſée my Brothers boate:
This is the ſame, whoſe vaulted keele,
His Mother once did ſet a floate.
And now his piteous Siſter I,
Excluded cleane from ſpouſall place,
Shall be ſo caried by and by:
No force hath vertue in this caſe,
No Gods there be my woes to wrecke.
The grieſly, dreadfull drabbe Erin,
Doth weld the worlde at nod and becke,
Who can lament my ſtate, wherein

I am,

I am, alas, sufficientlie:
How can Aëdon duely plaine,
My smarting streames of teares that I
Do shedde: whose wings I would be faine,
If destnies would them graunt, to weare.
Then would I leaue my mourning mates,
As swiftly fled, as wings could beare,
And so auoyde these bloudie pates.
Then sitting sole in shirwod shirle,
And hanging sure, by dandling twigge
With plaintiue pype I might out twirle
My heauye tuned note so bigge.
Chor. The mortal brode the destnies guide:
Them selues they nothing can assure,
That certainly doth stedfast bide:
Which our last day of life, procure,
(Whereof we alwayes should beware,)
Much daungerous chaunces for to try:
Unto your troubled minde with care,
Now many saumples doe apply,
Which your accursed court hath brought,
To bolden you in all your broyle:
For what hath more your troubles wrought,
What doth against you sorer toyle,
Than fortune doth: thee first of all,
Agrippas childe brought forth to life,
Whome we Tyberius daughter call,
By lawe, and eke Prince Cesars wyfe,
Of many sonnes a carefull dame,
I cannot chose but nowe recount,
Whose worthie, glorious, ample name,
Throughout the world doth much surmount.
So oft with bellie bolne that bare
Desyred fruits, and peaces pledge,

Ere long thou ſuffredſt eriles care,
Stryppes, chaines, and bolts of yron wedge,
And mourning much, which ſo did frame,
That death they cauſde thée to abyde.
So Liuia, Druſus luckie dame
In male kinde babes, did hedling flyde,
Into a cruell monſtrous déede,
And death ſore pearcing deadly dart.
Hir Mothers fates doth Iulia ſpéede,
To folow ſtreight with all hir hart,
Who after longer waſted time
With bloudie fauchion kene, was ſlaine,
Although for no iuſte cauſe, or crime.
Your Mother eke that once did raigne,
Who then eſtéemd of Claudius well,
Did wiſely weld his court at will,
And fruitfull was, as you can tell,
What could not hir deſire fulfill?
Shée ſometime ſubiect to hir ſlaue,
To death was put with ſouldiours blade.
What ſhée, that eaſly hope might haue,
Both ſkies, hir raigne to riſe haue made,
Prince Neros luſtie parent great?
Firſt toſt with ſhipmans boyſterous force,
Then tone with ſword in Princes heat,
Did ſhée not lye a ſenſeles corſe?
Oct. Lo me the tyrant ſtern will ſend
To yckſome ſhades, and helliſh ſpirits.
Why wretch do I the tyme thus ſpend?
Draw me to death you to whoſe myghts,
Falſe fortune hath bequeathed mée.
I witneſſe now the heauenly powre.
What doeſt thou bedame? leaue to flés,
With prayer to Gods, who on thée lowre.

I call

I call to witnesse Tartar déepe,
And spytes of Hell reuenging freaks
Of hainous facts, in dongeon steepe,
And syre whoune death deserued wreakes.
I do not now reppyne to dye,
Deck vp your ship, and hoyse your saile,
On frothing seas to windes on hie:
Let him that guydes the helm not fayle,
To seeke the shore of Pharian land.
Cho. O pippling puffe of western wynde,
Which sacrifice didst once withstand,
Of Iphigen to death assignde:
And close in cloude congealed clad,
Did carie hir from smoking ares,
Which angrie, cruell Virgine had:
This prince also oppressed with cares,
Saue from this painefull punishment,
To Dians temple safely borne:
The barbarous Mores to rudenesse bent,
Then Princes courts in Rome forlorne,
Haue farre more ciuile curtesie:
For there doth strangers death appease
The angrie Gods in heauens on hie,
But Romaine bloud, our Rome must please.

FINIS.

¶ Imprinted at London, by *Henry Denham, dwelling in Pater noster rowe, at the* signe of the Starre.

¶ Faultes eſcaped.

In C.ij.page.2.line.32. for ſome reade ſome, and in the ſame line, for doth reade do

In the laſt leafe of C.page.2.line.15. for thy reade hir

In D.i.page.2.line.10. for Into reade Vnto

In E.j.page.2.line.8. for wyſely reade wyſe

In G.j.page.2.line.1. for things reade thumps

In G.ij.page.2.line.11. for Which reade *Præf.* Which

In ỳ next line of ỳ ſame page, for Shee reade *Ner.* Shée